eyes full of stars

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eyes full of stars

by buttercupkisses

Summary

Then he felt a pair of arms snake around his torso and a head landed on his shoulder. He looked up and saw Erik standing behind him looking far too pleased with himself.

“Erik, what are you doing here?” He asked in shock.

OR, Erik decides to surprise Wilhelm at Parents' Weekend and he inevitably meets Simon.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 【翻译】Eyes full of stars by hope_ur_ok (orphan_account)

“Come on, you can't just sit there stuck in your room. Go and join the others." Eric’s tutted through the phone’s speakers, his voice cracking a little.

It was the morning of Parents' Weekend which Wilhelm’s parents weren’t attending (surprise surprise) and he had decided to spend it sulking in his room. It was too much effort mingling with the crowds of teachers, parents and students and having to explain that no his parents weren’t attending and yes they had better things to do than come to visit their youngest son in a boarding school they had practically banished him too.

Wilhelm sighed and propped his chin on his fist while his phone was held to his ear. “Yes, I can sit here. I can't be bothered to go around and greet everybody.”

“Uh no, it’s not that hard. It's going to look really strange if you don't show up.”

“To me, it feels weird *if* I show up. Erik.”

Erik sighed dramatically having had enough of his younger brother’s antics, “God you are such a dork. It's not that hard. Just go out there, say hello, shake a few hands, pretend to be someone else for a few hours.”

Wilhelm groaned in response, falling onto his bed with a soft thud before sitting up and staring out of the window where he could see one of the many gardeners pottering around with a watering can. No one was bothering them with an abundance of questions, they could just do their own thing, and he wanted to be like that. He wanted to be normal. Not royalty with a fancy-ass title and a reputation to uphold.

Erik must have misinterpreted his groan to be one of sadness because he went to say. “What? We’ll see each other this weekend.”

About that… Wilhelm hadn’t exactly planned how to explain to his brother that he was in fact not coming home this weekend. He had hoped he could get away with a simple text and just ignore all of Erik’s replies which would surely follow.

“Well..”

It was one thing asking the guy you liked to spend the weekend with

you and another to admit to your brother that you are spending the weekend with this said person.

“I was going to talk to you about that. Because uh, I was thinking about staying here this weekend.”

For someone who was just complaining about how terrible the school was less than five minutes ago, he must have seemed like a total hypocrite. Sadly Erik could see right through his poorly put together excuses and turned into a full-blown detective.

He let out a gasp in shock. “What? Why?”

“To, uh, study. I’m behind so I need to catch up a bit.”

As he said a poorly put together excuse. You see in his ten years worth of schooling he was never taught how to lie because for the majority of those years he attended private schools which followed the same expectations as the royal family did. Perfect etiquette and table manners were much more important and the topic of ‘lying to your older brother about why you want to stay for the weekend at a place you supposedly hate’ never came up.

Erik scoffed disbelievingly.

“What?” Wilhelm tried his best to keep his calm composure and voice steady even if his heart was pounding in his chest.

“Are you, Wilhelm, my little brother staying in school?”

“Yeah. What's so strange about that?.”

Erik started to laugh hysterically while all Wilhelm could do was sit there helplessly on the other end of the line. He managed to stop for a moment to say, “You've met someone.” before bursting out into fits of laughter all over again.

Maybe Wilhelm’s dating life was so drab that it was hilarious he had any game to begin with.

Something about Erik’s hysterical laughter was infectious because before Wilhelm knew it he was laughing along with him. Both of them laughed at his lack of lying skills and the stupidity of the whole situation.

“Hello?” Erik prompted when they had stopped laughing.

“I, uh… yeah okay maybe you are slightly right.”

He heard Erik let out a small little yes and Wilhelm could imagine him doing that little fist pump thing he did when he guessed something correctly. To think he called him a dork.

“Erik …before you get too excited I should let you know I don't think we're a couple or anything. I don't know what it is, what we are, but can we just…” he trailed off not knowing how to finish his sentence.

“I get it. I get it. You don't have to tell me any…” Erik stopped and seemed to rethink his reply. “I don't wanna hear any details.”

Wilhelm let out a frustrated groan and tossed his head back because that was such an Erik thing to say.

“Hey Wille,” Erik brought on a more serious tone. “Just enjoy yourself. Soon enough people will start having opinions and–”

He wasn’t able to finish as Wilhelm interrupted him. “They don't care about me. It's ‘cause you're the crown prince they have opinions.”

Erik went silent. He didn’t deny it. Both of them knew it was the truth. The undeniable truth.

“I don't get it,” Erik said, changing the subject after a beat of silence. “Why are you sitting in your room sulking when you have a crush to hang out with? Go and hang out with them.”

Wilhelm made a spluttering noise, “Fuck you. It's not a crush.”

Erik scoffed, “What would you call it then?”

“Goodbye, Erik. Goodbye.”

“Okay, goodbye.” And Wilhelm could practically hear the smile on his face.

“You're so annoying. Goodbye.” Wilhelm laughed as he snapped his phone shut, tossing it across his bed.

He stared at his phone sitting there on the duvet. Sitting there so invitingly. Tempting him to reach out. He couldn’t stop the growing urge nibbling away at his insides and his arm stretched across his duvet cover and he snatched his phone back in one swift movement.

He unlocked his phone and by this point, it was like instinct to open

Instagram and scroll through Simon's feed which was full of pictures of him and his friends every post as smiley and happy as the next. He kept scrolling till he reached his favourite post. It was a selfie where Simon was smiling widely at the camera his eyes bright and full of life without a worry in the world. Slowly he ran his finger across Simon's face and couldn't help but smile back at the picture.

He let out a small laugh as he continued to gaze at the photo, however, he couldn't figure out why he was laughing. Was he laughing in pity, his misfortune or how his brother knew exactly what's going through his head when he was hours away?

When he finally made his way to the dining room all the tables had been cleared and one of the catering staff sent him an apologetic look as they hurried past to finish clearing up. Having missed the lunch he grabbed a bread roll from one of the baskets sitting on the side and walked out.

Outside in the gardens, the sun was high up in the sky bathing the whole place in warmth. He searched for someone to talk to and it didn't take long for his eyes to land on Simon who was standing alone with a woman, who Wilhelm assumed was his mother. He took a deep breath, collecting himself as he made his way over and when she spotted him her face lit up. The happiness on her face rid any nerves he had about approaching the two of them and his face broke out into a matching grin.

"Hello Wilhelm." she greeted. Her whole demeanour was so open and welcoming and Wilhelm wished for a moment that his mother was like her and cared for other things than reputation.

"Hi, Mrs..." He trailed off.

He felt himself start to spiral, he couldn't help it it was just natural instinct. His mind had gone completely blank and for the life of him, he couldn't remember Simon's last name. Did she even go by the same surname as Simon? He had no idea these questions had never come up in conversation before. Fuck Fuck Fuck.

"Linda. You can call me Linda," she told him clearly sensing that his delay in answer was due to panic. Gratefully he held out his hand to shake and she took it in her stride, firm and confident.

“Hi, Linda.” He replied.

They talked about little things for a while, and she was good company, but every now and then he noticed she would swivel her head around as if she was looking for something, or more someone. Before he had the chance to question what she was looking for she beat him to it.

“I’ve been trying to spot Sara, have you seen her?” She asked looking straight past Wilhelm instead of at him.

He shrugged, “Sorry I haven’t.”

He might have seen her but out here in the sunshine, everyone looked identical as they were all wearing the same matching burgundy uniforms. Unless you knew their hairstyle it was practically impossible to place a name with the back of their head.

Linda let out a sigh and rubbed her temples tiredly, “Well I better go find her before she causes more trouble.”

Wilhelm was unsure what she meant by this but he didn't press the issue knowing if it was impossible Simon would probably inform him about it later when they were alone. “It was a pleasure talking to you again.”

Linda turned to her son, “You should learn to talk to me with such politeness.”

Simon rolled his eyes at the comment, clearly unimpressed which only made her tut at him.

She turned about to walk off but she then stopped having remembered to say one last thing, “Oh and Wilhelm you are always welcome to ours whenever you please.”

“Mum,” Simon whined. “I’m sure he wouldn’t want to come—”

“I would love to.” Wilhelm interrupted mid-sentence.

He sent Simon a knowing smile expecting to receive one in return but he didn’t. Instead he was met with a bemused expression, one he wasn’t familiar with, and was looking directly over Wilhelm’s shoulder.

“What?” Wilhelm asked worriedly searching Simon's face for an

answer but he wasn't giving anything away.

He recounted the past conversation in his head as he tried to remember if he had said something that may have offended Simon and caused him to act like this but he couldn't think of anything.

Then he felt a pair of arms snake around his torso and a head landed on his shoulder. He looked up and saw Erik standing behind him looking far too pleased with himself.

"Erik, what are you doing here?" He asked in shock.

When they talked earlier, he had thought it was odd they hadn't video called but he assumed it was down to Erik being too busy to stop in whatever he was doing. He supposed he was half right in that way of thinking because he was busy doing, something, driving to Hillerska.

"Not even a hello. Thought this school was teaching you manners, I will have to report this back to mum and dad." Erik teased.

Wilhelm struggled out of his grasp and turned to Linda and Simon who were standing there wearing matching amused expressions. He supposed it would only be the polite thing to introduce them both even if everyone in the whole school, scrap that whole country, knew who Erik was.

"Simon and Linda, this is my brother Erik. Erik, this is my friend Simon and his mother Linda."

"Nice to meet you." Erik stood forward and shook each of their hands the same way he did with everyone.

Once everyone was introduced Erik took a step backwards so he was standing next to Wilhelm.

"So who's the one you have a crush on?" Erik asked, his eyes roaming the crowd.

In front of them there were clusters of boys and girls alike whispering among themselves and glancing up every few moments and looking in the direction of Erik. Wilhelm assumed it was because the visit was so unexpected, god he didn't even know he was coming.

Wilhelm felt himself turn red and elbowed Erik in the side. "Shush."

In front of him, Simon was trying his best to not laugh out loud and it

probably wasn't helping that Wilhelm was beetroot red and looked like he wanted the ground to swallow him up.

Suddenly Linda was taking a few steps to her left. "I see Sara. I will be back." She waved goodbye to the group and left the rest standing there.

Erik sidled up to Simon and Wilhelm noticed the resemblance in their personalities. Overly confident and always wanting to cause some sort of trouble. He simultaneously hated it and loved it .

"Do you know who he's spending the weekend with?" Erik asked, cocking his head and staring at the younger boy questioningly.

Simon looked over at Wilhelm as if he was considering whether this was worth admitting.

"What do I get in return out of revealing this information?" He asked.

"Bargaining for it are we?" Erik asked amused and turned to his brother. "Interesting friend you have picked up."

Simon made a choking noise and his hand shot up to cover his mouth as he tried to contain his laughter. "Friend? We have an interesting friendship."

Wilhelm mouthed frantically at him to shut up but he didn't seem to get the memo only cracking up even more and causing Wilhelm to become more embarrassed. He knew Erik wasn't stupid and it wouldn't take him long to slot all the puzzle pieces together to see the bigger picture. It didn't take a genius to see what they had between them wasn't entirely platonic

"You," Erik stated simply.

Simon paused mid laughter and he looked like a deer caught in headlights, "What?"

"Wilhelm has spoken about you." Erik mused looking far too smug with himself than ort to be necessary.

"Shut up." Wilhelm tried, but it was to no avail.

He had been officially excluded from this conversation.

He considered walking away from the two of them and throwing himself into the little lake. He recalled reading a fact on the internet

about how little water was needed to drown. 5cm? 10cm? His mind was so jumbled he couldn't remember and then Simon spoke again.

“Has he now?”

Erik nodded avidly, “Said he wasn't coming home because he needed to study.”

Simon snorted and Wilhelm couldn’t help but blush even more. Maybe that was a treacherous lie but he wasn't aware it was going to be constantly brought up in future conversations to be continuously made fun of.

He watched as a duck flew down and landed in the lake and the idea of jumping in and drowning was becoming less inviting. He didn’t want such an innocent creature to witness his tragedy of a life.

“Can we talk somewhere more private?” he hissed practically dragging his brother by the arm into one of the private gardens while Simon happily followed still laughing.

“Ooo,” Erik said when they came to a halt admiring the carefully cut flowers. He pulled a leaf off a nearby bush and slowly ripped it apart as he watched his brother and 'friend.'

If they weren’t in the middle of a crisis Wilhelm may have gone on to explain how he liked to come into this patch of land to think and to clear his mind but the only thing on his mind was when this conversation was going to end. Maybe he would have even gone on to explain about how much work went into maintaining the bushes and that people plucking them created more work. But he didn't.

“Your brother is pretty cool,” Simon commented from behind them.

Wilhelm whirled around to glare at him, “Thanks, how kind of you.”

“Appreciate it a lot,” Erik added with a wink. “Now tell me about what he’s like at school.”

Simon was positively beaming at all the attention and how riled up Wilhelm had become. He went on to explain in fine detail all about their first meeting while Wilhelm stood helplessly a few feet away. He supposed it was nice that his brother and… Simon got along but it was at the cost of his dignity which he wasn’t ready to give up.

“He told me he wasn’t like that and then kissed me.” Simon grinned as

he recounted their first kiss.

“Simon!” Wilhelm exclaimed.

“A hypocrite like normal.” Erik nodded solemnly as if Simon had just told him a very serious fact and not about his brother kissing.

Wilhelm sighed walking off to go sit on a wooden bench. From there he could still see the other two but they were out of earshot so he wouldn’t have to hear first-hand what they were saying about him instead he could just guess. It was better to stay in the unknown so at least he could pretend his whole life wasn't be shared around. He stared at the floor and dragged his shoe along the grass flattening everything in its path.

“We took a cute photo,” Simon told Erik rather loudly and Wilhelm looked up quizzically. “Wait it’s on Wilhelm’s phone show him.”

Wilhelm felt he could finally breathe properly as he realised the teasing had come to an end and wondered if it was safe to rejoin the conversation without being the butt of the joke.

Erik joined him on the bench and Simon sat on the other side of him so they both would have a clear view of his phone. Wilhelm fished his phone out of his blazer pocket and unlocked it only for Simon’s Instagram post to appear on the screen from where he had been staring at it earlier.

“I can explain…”

Now about that lake idea.

End Notes

thank you for reading!! if you are also in denial about erik's death check out my other fic here

[title from cowboy like me by taylor swift]

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